

[John J. Baker]

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[Folk Stuff ? ?]

Gauthier, Sheldon F.

Rangelore

Tarrant Co., Dist. 7 36

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FEC [?]

John J. Baker, 78, living at Tarrant Co. Old Folks Home, born April 21, 1850, near Belton, Bell Co., Tex. Son of a school teacher-stockman who died in the War he was orphaned at the age of 9 and made his home with his uncle H.B. Baker in Goliad Co., and began his range career on the Baker ranch at 13 and after two years quit to work for various other outfits: Bill McGinty's horse ranch, Dawson and Trent, J (One Arm) Reed and Sam Hasley, all operating in Texas.

Baker left Tex. as member of a trail herd going to the Black Hills in S. Dak, for Ike T. Pryor and the following year worked on the N-N ranch of Montana; later as for [?] on the [?] ranch in Johnson Co., Wyo., from which he was discharged for refusing to take part in a raid on an alleged organized rustling gang; he worked on the W.L. Ranch and took part in the defense of the alleged gang of rustlers.

Baker returned to Tex. in '94 on the L.C. Boville ranch near Clarendon for two years after which he became a carpenter for the balance of his active life.

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"About the whole of my first 37 years of life was spent on a cattle outfit of some kind and the later part—that is 24 years of it—I worked as a cowhand. I was born near Belton, Bell Co., Tex., Apr. 21, 1859. I am now 78 years old. My father was a school teacher and owned a tolerable, lot of land. He and my grandfather Tom Baker controled considerable acreage and gave most of their time to raising cattle. During the early period of my life the section of Texas where I lived was mostly stock country. So I came into life hearing the critters snorting.

"When the Civil War started my father enlisted in the Confederate Army and was serving in Arkansas when he died with [cholera?]. I was about seven years old then and two years later my mother died. My Uncle H.B. Baker took me to his ranch in Goliad Co., Tex. where he run about 5,000 head and was considered a small outfit in those days.

"I started my range career on his place and just naturally drifted into the work, sort of absorbed the knowledge as I grew. C12 - 2/11/41 - Texas 2 When I was 18 years old I could ride and rope tolerably well because I was put on a hoss when I was old enough to hang onto one and I can't remember far enough back to recollect when I couldn't sit on a hoss. My uncle worked only five or six hands, it was sort of a homey outfit. It wasn't much of a job to handle the herd and we were in most of the time. At roundup times we would live behind the chuck wagon. We had nigger Tom to do chuck fixin' then and when we were at the home diggings all the [waddies?] ate in the home dining room and nigger Tom's wife did the cooking. She was the family cook. When we dragged off to hunt strays or other work that took a distance off we would carry a [?] of bread and jerk. Jerk is the well known dried beef that was a hard as a pine knot and to eat it one had gnaw it as a dog does on a bone or whittle it off with a knife. However it had a good taste and would satisfy the worm tolerably well.

"I quit Uncle in 1875 at 14 and went to work for Bill McGinty's hoss outfit. His brand was McG and was refered as the McG outfit; he run about 1,000 head of hosses. While there I learned to wrangle hosses for sure. We did a lot of wrangling, busting hosses for sale

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as saddle animals. I stayed there about a year and went back to the cow outfits. My next move was nesting with Dawson and Trent, their brand was DT and were located at Pecan Grove in Taylor Co. At that place they handled critters for Jim (One Arm) Reed of Ft. Worth and run around 6,000 head. Reed had a big ranch in Comanche Co. running better than 20,000 head. I did not stay with the DT long but then drifted back to Goliad Co. and went to work with the Brookings outfit.

"They Brookings were accused of being rustlers and brand artists. In fact they were accused of being the leaders by the crowd that called themselves pure. Bud Brookings was reckoned as the leader and directing 3 head of the rustling gang. Will and Horace Hughes were among the crowd that the pures held as top rustlers and they run a small outfit in Goliad Co.

"So that you may have some idea of the conditions and the causes that led up to the cattle war that went on in Goliad Co. let me give you some facts which I gathered from both sides of the fence while living and working in the County and working for outfits on both sides of the argument.

"The trouble started back in the days when mavericks showed up in large numbers. During the Civil War and for a spell after the cattle outfits were not able to keep up with the branding. A custom of branding all mavericks with the brand of the range where they were found was adopted and followed. There were some people who were unable to tell when they got on the other fellows range. Folks began to accuse each other of branding their critters knowingly. There was no way to prove that the branded maverick did not belong to the brand it carried. So a good many cowmen calculated that the only way to stay even was to brand a maverick where they found it. The branding game was followed by about every one and if a party didn't do as his neighbors did he soon would be short on his count of critters. The condition gave an opening for the fellow that did not have any critters and if any to build a tolerable good size herd providing he had the guts to make branding mavericks a business and there were plenty of that kind of folks.

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“The large outfits such as Buck Pettis, Fant, Ragglings and the McNally outfit that controlled the McNally Bend section, and Jess Reeves outfit, except his son Jim who refused to fight the little fellows and went over to their defense. Also there was the Henderson outfit where the father [?] with the big outfits and the son went over to the defense of the little man.

The Reeves and Henderson boys afterwards left the country 4 driving a herd of cattle for the Carter Cattle Co. to Montana. These paid their waddies a bonus of 50¢ for each maverick found and branded. The 50¢ bonus caused many a good waddie to have eye trouble and they could not see the brand on the critters that the mavericks were running with or know the range they were on.

“The ramrods of the large outfits, publicly stated they did not approve of branding the other fellows mavericks. But I never heard of a waddy receiving orders to drag off the outfit or refused his 50¢ when a critter was branded on some other fellows range.

“The matter of branding mavericks went from bad to worst and to a point where some people went into the business of working brands over. There were some that were artists at working a brand. I will cite a few cases. We will suppose that the letter L was used as a brand. That letter could be changed to an E by placing two parallel lines, one at the center and one at the top, of the upright line of the L. The letter X can be easily changed to a star by placing a star across the center part of the X and the result is [?] . The long O which was used by the [riscole?] outfit of Wyoming was changed by running a slanting line from the top of the O downward on each side then placing two half circles on each line of the long O appeared thus [?] and was called the [BAB?] brand. There was the pipe brand that looked thus: made with the letter U attached to a bar; by throwing a loop over the top of the U it looked: or by placing a bar beyond the bowl thus: . There were many other methods that the brand artist used. Of course the figure 1 easily was made into a 7, 6, 9 or

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by using naughts could be made into 10, 100, 101. The star is easily made into a wheel by placing a circle around the star thus: .

“I don't mean to say that all big outfits were wilfully branding 5 mavericks that belong to the other fellow or knowingly buying critters that had an artist's brand nor did all the little fellows follow the practice. There were pures and rustlers on each side.

“I shall mention another thing that helped to create hard feeling between the big outfits and the small men. The big outfits through their organization adopted a blacklist system and any waddie placed on the list was unable to nest with any of the big fellows. Due to the feeling that the blacklist caused among waddies there were plenty of waddies that took delight in placing a branding iron on a critter that belonged to the big outfits, it always put a little silver lining in their cloud.

“The matter run along for a spell of years getting worse all the while. The little fellows, grease pots as the big ones called them, knew that the 50¢ bonus caused a lot of their critters to be branded for the big fellows. The big fellows knew that grease pots were getting a lot of their mavericks and also branded critters by working over the brand. Finally the big outfits organized to put the grease pots out of business and announced here and yonder that they were going to stop rustling. The little fellow organized to stay in business claiming that the big fellows wanted the whole range to themselves. The grease pots said it was alright to stop rustling but the big fellows should start with cleaning out themselves.

“Then came the day when the big outfits organized committees to deal with the grease pots. When the vigilante committees got started things began popping. A fellow that the committee decided to be put away would receive a notice through the mail or tacked upon his door reading: “For the benefit of your health you had better vamoose to some other section of the country.”

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"Bud Brookings was considered the leader of the defense against the vigilantes. Also Broughton and the Hughes boys were strong supporters of the grease pots. Many men were found shot or hanging to a tree and they were not all from the same side in the war.

"After the vigilantes got started good and things were hot I went to work for Sam Hasly. He was my uncle through marriage. Hasly as far as I know did not make a practice of working a loos branding iron but he was in sympathy [iwth?] the small fellow because he felt that the big fellows were putting it over on the small outfits. He like many others felt that the big ones were trying to drive the little fellow off the range under the pretense of chasing the rustlers out.

"Finally notices hit around our section. Among whom notices were sent during the period of a month were Jim Simpson, Adira Miller, both young lads that had worked for Brookings outfit, Hamp Davis, who had worked for the Hughes outfit, John Killerbrew, a half breed Indian and myself, Simpson and Miller received notice through the mail telling them to be across the San Antonio River in two days. The boys decided to stay in their own country and the third day after receiving the notice were caught. Simpson then agreed to drift out of the country and dragged to New Mexico. I saw him afterwards and he was running a saloon in Carlsbad. Miller refused to change his mind and he was found a few days later in the river with a stone tied to his neck. I helped fish him out. He was full of bullet holes and it looked as though the vigilantes wanted to hide their job. Hamp Davis had just got married and was going on his honeymoon. He and his bride were in a buggy driving to Hasly's place for a short stop and were caught about four miles away. Davis was taken out of his buggy and hanged to a limb then shot full of holes. Killerbrew was found hanging to a limb. The committee would lay for a fellow and catch the party alone so anyone marked by them had to watch his step. I finally received my notice based on the fact that I 7 had worked on the Brookings outfit. I had never placed an iron on a maverick off the range or worked on a brand but I was marked. I refused to leave but was mighty careful not to be caught alone. Sam Hasly told me to stand my ground and he would stand by me. I had

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all the confidence in the world in Sam because I knew that he had plenty of guts and was a fighter for his rights. However my uncle Bob Baker go wind of the goings on and came after me. He took me out of Goliad Co. and I have never been back in that section since.

"I stayed with Bob Baker only a short spell. My next move was to the Rock Ranch located at Double Mountain in Stonewall Co. Jim (One Arm Reed of Ft. Worth had ha herd of critters out there. That was my first real big outfit to work for. That ranch was run in the style that big outfits were in those days. The smallest number he run on that ranch was 35,000 head. Jim Murrell was top-screw and reckoned among the best in the business. He and his wife were killed a few years later down near the border by some Mexicans.

"The Rock Ranch feed good chuck concocted by a good belly-cheater called Pete. We didn't have any fancy fixings but Pete knew how to broil steak over a camp fire and we had plenty of plain food well cooked. The steak would come up done medium, well, or rare. That meat was more tasty than any that I have ate off the range. It was always from the choice yearlings, the best that could be found regardless of the brand. Meat and whistle-berries formed the main item of our chuck. Next was the sourdough bread and some vegetables out of a can. Black coffee was furnished in the amount we called for. In the winter months when a cold spell of weather was on a tin of black coffee was mighty satisfying after several hours riding, expecially night riding.

"Night riding during a spell of hard weather was no pink tea 8 party. When the weather was at its worst such as a norther with sleet falling then the critters needed the closest watching. The herds get the jitters and are ready for a stomp with the first tolerable excuse to go. Handling a [stampede?] at night during a cold winter storm is a job that calls for action that can olny be given by a good hoss and a man that won't think of himself. The waddie must go to the head of the herd and there work knowing that if the hoss goes down the eternal brand would be likely be placed on him. For that reason we always used the most sure footed hoss for night riding. That job was worked in shifts. One from dark to 11 o'clock, then to 4 and the last to daylight.

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"The worst stampede I ever worked in took place on the [Rock?] Ranch in a night during a storm. I had just come off the first shift and had ate a smack washed down with a couple tins of hot coffee and rolled in my navajo blanket and slicker. I was just getting warm and comfortable and feeling fine for a little shut-eye when I heard shots calling riders and Murrell called out the whole crew. When we boys in camp reached the herd it was going at top speed. The noise of the clashing horns and the stomping could be heard for two or three miles.

"After the critters had run for about 30 minutes they were getting warm and in good shape to run and there was no chance to stop the herd. Time and again a number of us riders would bunch and try to crowd the leaders into a turn. Ordinarily we could force the leading animals into a turn, but that time they were plumb loco and would not crowd. Inseat they would crowd us out of the way. Our hosses sensed the critter's condition and knew that the animals would run into them so they would shuffle away from the leading critters instead of crowding into the herd. It was one of those times when the herd gets so loco that they will run [? ?] into anything that gets in front of it. If a stone 9 wall came in front of the animals they would not stop.

"The top-screw finally gave out riding orders to forget about trying to turn that herd and just do the best we could at keeping it bunched. His idea was to stop as many stray as we could and let the critters run themselves down. We did that by riding at the side of the herd. There were a few gullies in that section and in those we found a number of critters that went down while crossing and piled up until those coming behind had a bridge to cross on. It was five hours before we got the critters under control and by that time there were about 200 stomped to death in the gullies and some of the weaker ones that went down during the run.

"My next move after quitting the Rock Ranch was to leave Texas with an outfit that were drifting a herd of Pryor's cattle to the Black Hills country of So. Dak. O. C. Cato was trail boss and we had about 3,000 head in the herd. Pryor had three different herds drifting at

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that time all numbering about 3,000 critters as that was the number that could be properly handled on a drive. Jim Kingsberry followed us as trail boss and one of the Driscoll boys was trail boss of the third herd.

"That was in 1885 when we drifted and I stayed in the Black Hill until the spring of the following year. I then went to Montana and Wyoming and nested with the N-N outfit North of the Johnson County line between Montana and Wyoming. It was only a few months until I was offered the job as top-screw on the W L Ranch in Johnson Co., Wyo. The outfit run 30,000 head and I was hankering for such a job and took the nest. We were located next to the Lanch Creek ranch and the 101. The Lanch [Creek's?] brand was C A and was called CA ranch. The three ranches were large outfits and the owners lived in Cheyenne and Laramie. 10 "The work on the range in that country was about the same as in Texas except during the winter months. Then the cattle were drifted into the [hilss?] where the wind kep the snow blown off the ground to a great extent. That made it possible for the critters to get at the grass. In the valleys the snow would drift in so deep at times that the animasl couldnt paw to the grass. While I was there we had no Spring but hundreds of critters were found frozen and those were skinned after the thaw. I have seen critters standing on their feet frozen dead. When they thawed in the Spring they would fall over.

"It was my luck to land in Johnson Co. during the time a war between cattlemen was at its high point. It brought to my mind Goliad Co., Tex. and made me feel at home. The cause of the Johnson Co. trouble was along the same lines as the [Goliad?] fight. It was the big [outfits?] against the little fellows. Most of the Johnson Co. outfits were the grease-pot kind. Johnson Co. was supposed to be under control of the grease-pots, most [of?] the [big outfits?] were [located?] in the adjacent counties.

"The ramrods of the big outfits claimed that the grease-pots were rustling their mavericks and branding by the artist method. There is where I saw the long [?] brand changed to BAB. The grease pots claimed that the big fellows were branding mavericks that did not

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belong to them and the big outfits were trying to drive the little fellows off the range so that it would all be open to the big outfits.

“There was considerable killing on both sides that run over a period of several years. Then in 1900 the ramrods of the large outfits through their organization hired a number of Texans that were supposed to be waddies but were gunmen. They had lived and existed [West?] of the Pecos and were the kind that lived from their gun. A [true?] Texas [waddie?] will shoot to back up his rights but was a [square?] man that would not hire out to 11 kill folks at so much per head. I met some of those so called Texas waddies and I'll admit they were from Texas but I could tell they were trigger men. Those hired killers were paid \$60. a month which was from \$25. to \$30. more than the regular wages, they also paid \$60. bonus for each grease-pots scalp, rustlers as they termed it, that they brought in. They turned in a good many and whether or not all the scalps were off a small outfit member will never be known. However a number of the scalps were off of men that were classed as grease-pots members.

“There was one slaughter of nine old rawhides that were camped on Big Dry Creek near the Carter Cattle Co's outfit. The men were trapping wolves for the hide and bounty as a great many of the old waddies did during the winter. They were not rustling cattle and in fact were out of the cattle business. A bunch of rustler hunters made a surprise attack on the camp and killed the nine trappers. They received the \$450. bonus for the slaughter and that was what they were after.

“The [small?] fellows were fighting back and some of the imported killers were killed which were replaced by others and others that belonged to the big fellow's gang. It was so in that section that a fellow had to shoot first and ask questions afterwards when meeting a stranger. The hired killers were kept under cover and all were pretending to work for some outfit. All their attacks were surprise moves so it was hard to place the man for sure.

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"The followers of the grease-pots were giving about as much as they were taking and in addition for revenge went to rustling on a large scale. The conflict had reached a point where it was carried on above board and with calculation by each side trying to put the other fellow out of business.

In the forepart of the Spring of 1902 W. P. Clark who was foreman 12 for the 101 and a Texas lad came to me and told that the ramrods were organizing a big crowd for the purpose of cleaning Johnson Co. and said: "Baker I am going to join the crowd and Holt, your boss, wants you to go with the crowd.'

"No Clark', I said, 'I'm not taking any sides in this fight. There is lot to be said on both sides. I am tending to my job as top-screw [?] am not mixing in any fight except to take care of his critters.'

"You can't stay out of it", he answered, "You are either for or against the grease-pots. There is about 150 of them that is going to be put out of the country dead or alive. I expect that here are about 50 that will not have the chance to leave the country. If you refuse to join in with the crowd you will be classed with the grease-pots. Fact is I am sent here to get your slant. What are you going to do?"

"Just as I told you. I am taking no sides I answered him again.

"Alright with me, but your stay on this outfit is short if you don't change your mind.'

"He left me with those words which I thought were a bluff but inside of ten days a fellow showed up with papers from Holt, who lived in Cheyenne, giving the strange my [top-screw?] job and I got orders to drag off the outfit. It was not long after I lost my job until it was generally known that a gang was coming from Cheyenne to clean out Johnson Co. according to the idea of what a cleaning was held by the big fellows. The grease-

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pots decided to meet the gang. After losing my job I went over to the AC outfit and nested there.

"We were working a Spring roundup one day and word came that an [?] was about to hit the country. It sort of surprised us because we calculated that we would get word when the gang left Cheyenne but the army kept its movements secret and left the city at night by train. 13 They went to [Capper?] and from there they had better than 100 miles to travel overland. They made that 100 miles in wagons and on hoss back and [carried?] all kinds of amunition, provisions and camping outfits. They meant business and were provided for a stay. The grease-pots did not [calculate?] that the army would arrive until a day later than they did. They made [better?] time than [expected?] and had started out of [Cheyenne?] a half day sooner than was reported.

"In the mean time the grease-pots were laying plans. [When?] [we?] received word at the round-up that the army was an the march every man was called an to declare where he stood. All of the men stood [put?] and [declared?] [themselves?] willing to fight the big rustlers as they called the [?] fellows. There were several waddies [working?] in that round-up that [had?] [worked?] for some of the the big outfits as [top-screws?]. They told that to hold their jobs they were [compelled?] to rustle critters and brand mavericks ia order to keep the count up to the satisfaction of the [ramrod?]. There was plenty of talk about what the waddies had to do for the [big?] fellows during past days. All held that the grease-pots lost as much to the big fellows as the little fellows had got back. So they [were?] all ready to defend their rights.

"Our information about the movement of the army came to us from a small outfit [owner?] in Cheyenne. [When?] he got wind of what was going on he hit the trail for Johnson Co. and reported that among the army members were about 30 Texas lads that were being paid [\$5?]. a day. The rest of the army was made up of cowhands off of the various [ranches?]. There were a couple [of?] members of the State [Legislature?] and two or three Englishmen that joined the party to see the fun.

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"It was morning when we received the news and was fixing to meet the army the following day. [However?] word came that evening late that 14 the army had hit the country. It was [reported?] that there were between 70 and 100 in the army and that W P Clark, top-screw of the 101 outfit, was taking a leading part in guiding the invaders to the various ranches.

"We were told that the army had stopped at the [KC?] ranch owned by Champion and [Ray?]. If I recall correctly their full names were [Nate?] [Champion?] and [Nick?] [Ray?]. The army surrounded the ranch [house?] early that [morning?] before anyone had got out of bed. There were two [strangers?] at the ranch who were in the freighting business and had stopped there for the night. As the two strangers started for the barn they were surprised and taken prisoners. [Champion?] and [Ray?] like the freighters [did?] not know the house was surrounded. A short time after Ray stepped to the door and was shot down. It was said [?] one of the strangers afterwards that Ray started to crawl back into the house and was shot the second time. [W P?] Clark yelled to Champion telling him to come out and give himself up but [Nate?] yelled back 'Come in and get me you damn skunks.'

"He refused to come out and all [them?] brave fellows were afraid to [go?] in after him. They knew that it mean [branding?] for several of them if they tried to rush the cabin because Champion had a reputation of being no mean shot and a good fighter.

"To get him out of the house they pushed a load of hay that was standing in the yard up to the house and set it on fire. The fire and smoke drove [Nate?] out into the open and he was shot down the moment he appeared. The army men not only shot his down but after he was on the ground they kept on shooting. There were 20 bullet holes in Nate's body. [He?] while in the [house?] had [wrote?] down all that was taking place and the not was found on him by [friends?] that came to take care of the body. The strangers who were turned loose after the army got Nate and Nick made a report of what they saw take place at the KC ranch house. 15 "While the army had the KC ranch under [siege?] to get the two men the ramrod of the Black Flag outfit, Jack Flagg was driving down the trail with one of his waddies. When they reached [the?] KC section they saw what was going on and

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quickly drove the wagon off the trail. They unhitched the hosses and [mounted?] them and dragged at top speed to give the news. The [waddy?] came to where we were working at the roundup and Flagg [hightailed?] it to [Buffalo?]. All of us working at the roundup dropped everything at once only [enough?] were left to [keep?] an eye an the critters. [We?] hit the trail for the Army. Flagg reported to the sheriff of the county. [His?] name was Angus and everyone called him [Red?] Angus. He set out to gather a crowd to go and get the army that had [invaded?] his country and [murdered?] two of the citizens. After the army had completed their work at the KC ranch they started for other places and were at the AC ranch when we waddies from the roundup and Red Angus met.

“When the soldiers of the cattlemen's army went in to the AC ranch [they?] left their wagons on the trail which contained all their supplies. [We?] took [possession?] of the wagons and three man that was left to guard the outfit. [We?] found that they all had the best and [most?] hightpowered rifles that could be had those days and they could throw lead a mile. [We?] were equipped with ordinary guns and six-guns and was unable to get within shooting range of the ranch buildings in which the soldiers were stationed without getting branded plenty from those [hightpowered?] rifles.

“There was only one gun in our whole crowd that could stay at a safe distance and throw a ball into those [buildings?]. The fellow was [???] an aged [rawhide?] and had an old buffalo gun that was a near cannon. It was a muzzle loading single shot gun but [became?] the pride of our [crowd?]. That rawhide was a cool as a steers nose and all he did was load that buffalo rifle and shoot. While loading the gun he 16 would chew steadily on a cud of 'baccy. He would pack the powder and ball keeping his jaw working in time with the up and down movement of the ramrod. When he got her all set and a cap an the firing pit he would turn his head and let out a squirt of 'baccy juice and then raise the gun and BOOM it would go and a ball would hit a door or window every time he shot. There were two soldiers killed and about 30 hosses that were in the pen. It was reckoned that the old rawhide got them all. The old fellow kept his work up for two and half days. He sent a

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waddy to his home with orders to his wife for ammunition and for her to get to making bullets and a steady supply kept coming. She was on the job doing her part too.

"Word had come that the army was expecting help from a force of men from up Montana way. We were anxious to finish the job on hand before reinforcements came but our guns were too weak to do the job against their long rifles. After the first day the army dug [pits?] and put up breastworks. We could not figure how we were going to get them out. If we had the time the old buffalo gun would get the job done in a few days but we [wanted?] quicker action.

"Late in the evening of the first day a young fellow showed mounted on a horse coming from [the?] army with a white flag waving. We calculated that he wanted to rattle about condition of surrender. When he reached over crowd that fellow suddenly gave his horse the gut hooks and layed to the side, the horse leaped down the trail. We paid him no mind thinking that it was one soldier that made his escape. We swore than any more of the outfit that came out waving a white flag would have to go on foot and reach for the sky. It was found out later that the young fellow was carrying a message to the U S Army officers at Ft. McKinney asking for help. 17 "[?] the night firing stopped [and?] the [only?] thing we did was to [?] the buildings watching for escapers. We had charge of their wagons [?] about half of their horses were killed so we knew that if they [?] it would have to be on foot. None of them tried to get away and we [?] afterwards that they were too well satisfied to stay in the [?] away [from?] the buffalo gun.

"[The] second night we held a talk feast on ways and means. The old [rawhide?] [offered?] [a?] plan. If my mind is working correct I would say the [?] fellow's name was Boon.

"[?] in them thar wagons are some dynamite. I reckon them skunks [calculated?] on blowing up some ranch with it. This outfit it as good as [any?] to [do?] the blowing and the time is fitting. All you waddies that [can?] put [?] hand on an ax get [hold?] of one and go down to the creek bed [and?] [start?] cutting. Cut logs about 15 feet long and six inches

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thick. The rest of you all that are not [?] [mount?] your [?] and drag the timber [up?] here. What we are aiming to do is put them timbers tied to the [hind?] [end?] of them wagons and make a moving breastworks. [We'll?] push the [wagons?] backwards [towards?] the buildings until we are in throwing distance and then throw the dynamite into the pits. That will clean them [?] out of thar.'

"[?] started [?] once for axes at the various ranches. By midnight there [?] cutters working and it was not long until timber began to be placed [on?] [the?] ground [?] tied the logs with our ropes to the rear end of the [wagons?] and by [daylight?] had our [breastworks?] ready. At daylight we [started?] to push the wagons ahead of us moving slowly [towards?] the ranch [buildings?] a short distance at a [time?]. There was only 60 of us that [could?] get shelter besides the [?] and we kept up [??] fire. [Among?] us was the old [Buffalo?] gunner. 18 ["] had arrived [within?] [?] range of our [guns?] and were putting shots [into?] the pit and [into?] the dirt but they were well [behind?] the [protection?] [?] [we?] didn't make any hits. They were laying lead over the top of [our?] [?] into the timber and in front but our works were giving us [protection?]. [We?] were [making?] fair [time?] [and?] [?] to be [throwing?] dynamite within [half?] an [hour?].

"[Just?] before we were ready to throw dynamity [?] received a surprise. A [company?] [of?] U S Cavalry from [?] [McKenney?] appeared with orders from [?] [directing?] them to take charge of the army of [cattlemen?]. The [Captain?] showed the orders to [?] Angus the Sheriff and he refused to comply [with?] the order allowing [them?] to take [charge?] of the invaders. Angus [claimed?] that the troops had no business to interfere because [there?] were two [known?] murders [committed?] by the outfit in his county and there was where [the?] guilty parties should be tried.

"[It?] [looked?] for a few [minutes?] as though we were [going?] to get into a [fight?] with the [Cavalry?]. [?] the [Captain?] talked to [Angus?] into allowing [him?] to [take?] the [?] of the [outfit?] as prisoners [?] in us that they would [be?] [turned?] over to such [state?] [authorities?] as would be [directed?] by the [State?] Government. [Angus?] [?] that the

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men [be?] [marched?] past our crowd [so?] that all could be [identified?] for the [purpose?] of having [charges?] [returned?] against them in [Johnson?] County. [So?] the army marched out under [the?] [protection?] of the troops and [passed?] [between?] two rows of us [waddies?] who [lined?] up on [each?] side of the road and that [?] the siege.

“[There?] was a lot of [bickering?] about where the men should be tried. The [Johnshon?] [Co.?] [authorities?] [demanded?] that the [prisoners?] tried at [Buffalo?] but [the?] matter was[?] in [the?] [hands?] of the [authorities?] at [laramie?] and [afterwards?] [transferred?] to [Cheyenne?]. The [matter?] [dragged?] along for quite a spell. [The?] [?] was no chance to [?] a jury [try?] the fellows, everyone was 19 on one side or the other. Finally all the man were allowed to go where they pleased subject to call for trial at some future time and that was the last I heard of the affair. When W P Clark was turned [lose?] he hightailed it for Texas and all the other imported man did the same. I heard that the Englishmen that went along to see the fun were well satisfied but was not hankering for any more sights of that nature right [pronton?] After the three days siege was over we all went back to work. The round-up took up where we left off and everybody seemed to have more silver lining in their cloud.

“In that country the waddies have a tolerable lot of time on their hands and had to find some way to pass it [away?]. One of the things we did was to answer ads in the papers just to see what the answers would be. There was a paper called the Heart and Hand which printed ads of men and women who were looking for a mate. That paper hot a lot of waddie's time answering the women's ads. And there was some interesting answering to our letters. Some waddy that was good at writing love stuff would fix up the letters and they received some heart breaking replies. [Most?] of the [?] mail was from women that answered the love letters.

“I and another fellow once chipped in 75¢ each and sent the money to [a?] man in St. Paul, [Minn.?] who advertised that he guaranteed to tell how any one could make [\$?]15 to [\$?] a day on receipt of the money for payment of the instructions. We received a very

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nice letter from him thanking us for the confidence we showed in him and stated that if [?] followed the instructions we could make the money he stated. 'Pick out one or two leading newspaper and advertise for suckers like I do' was the instructions. The wish book furnished a lot of satisfaction. The waddies would pour through the book wishing for this and that article described in the catalogue.

"The tales told [by?] some of the waddies about what they had seen at 20 [various?] places they had worked were corkers. I'll tell one that I remember [told?] [by?] Jack Taylor to give you an idea of the [tales?]: "When I was a [stripping?] of a lad I lit in the [outfit?] [run?] by Tom [Manning?]. He run a medium size outfit and did a lot of buying. He kept the critters moving [off?] his range because he made a [business?] of driving the cattle to New [Mexico?] where he had a market. Most of the time while I was with the outfit I was [drifting?] critters. The outfit was located in Tom [?] Co., Tex. and [we?] had to cross the [Pecos?] [River?] to reach [Roswell, N.M.??] where he delivered the cattle. It was in the late 60's and the [country?] West of the Pecos was them a tough section to drift through. [There?] [were?] rustlers and Indians waiting for a chance to [drive?] off critters and there were men that would shoot you just for the fun they got out [of?] watching the dying kick. All the heard drivers those days figured on losing a [good?] number of critters while going through that section but not [??].

"The day after I joined up with the [Manning?] outfit they were [ready?] to start [driving?] a herd of 3,000 head to [Roswell?] and [we?] started with the sun. I thought the crew was awful small. There were just about enough for night [riding?] without change of shifts. [When?] night came and the critters [were?] bedded down I was expecting riding orders but none were [given?]. I finally asked about [the?] matter and the waddies [told?] me that night riding was not necessary. I thought the [lads?] were putting me on but the fact [?] one was called to ride and only one waddy [was?] put on watch had me [guessing?]. I kept [my?] mouth shut and feeling that I would show ignorance opening it.

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"The [fourth?] night after [we?] had crossed the [Pecos?] after the critters had [bedded?] [down?] one [?] the waddies reported seeing Indians signs and [said?]; "boys some time [during?] the night we will see a [pert?] lot [of?] fun. But still no one was called todo riding. The watcher was instructed to call us all if the Indians showed up because as the waddies didn't [want?] to 20 miss the fun. About an hour before sun which was the usual time the Indians would stampede the critters as the could pick up the strays the watcher yelled, 'The [?] is on boys roll out if you want to see it.'

"What [took?] place surprised me. When the Indians drove into that herd the critters [opened?] a way for them and then closed around the redskins, rushed them, knocked them off their hosses, and stomped the outfit to a jelly. That had my plumb mystified but I said nothing. Finally one of [the?] [waddies?] said, "[Well?] done you two old [mossey?] horns.' I asked [that?] waddy what he meant. He said, "You noticed them two [big?] mossey horned [steers?], they are trained critters and have charge of the herd. They do everything expect point the way and that is the reason we have to do that. I have to admit that they were the best trained animals I ever put [lamps?] on.

"There were stories of great hosses, ropers, shots and riders which performed stunts that were wonders of the world. Talking about winters up in that country brings to my mind good beef. It was the best that I have ever put my lip over but we only had it in the winter months. When the winter freeze set in they always killed several, [enough?] for a few [weeks?] [supply?]. That [meat?] would freeze as hard as a [rock?]. The cooky would use a draw knife to slice off the meat. After that meat had been frozen a couple weeks the taste improved so that we waddies could not get all we wanted into our flue. The same beef that had not been frozen did not have the same taste.

"The [belly-cheater?] on the [Holt?] outfit was a fellow called Frenchy and a top cooky. He was one of them fellows that took enjoyment out of satisfying the waddies tapeworm. [Frenchy?] always was pulling some tricks on us waddies and we enjoyed his tricks because he always made up for them by extra efforts in cooking some dish we hankered

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for. He could make the best pudding I ever shoved into my mouth. One day at supper 21 we were all [about?] done eating and Frenchy said, 'If you damn skunks just wait a [second?] I'll give you some pudding. It is a little late getting done. Of course we [all?] [waited?] and he pulled a beauty out of the oven. [We?] all dived into it and took big [gobs?] into our mouths. [We?] then started to make funny faces. [What?] he had done was to use salt instead of sugar when he made it and that pudding tasted like hell. We all began to sputter and spit to clean our mouths. He then pulled a good pudding on us and it was peach. We had all [forgot?] that the day was April 1. He would use [red?] pepper on some dishes we hankered for and cotton in biscuits [but?] we know something extra was coming up to [follow?].

"Frenchy was killed in a fight with a waddy—one of the [toughest?] fights—and [one?] of the few I saw between waddies working on an outfit. As a rule the waddies got along like a bunch of pups. There [always?] was a lot of horse play but very little fighting. When a fight did take place it generally was a buster. Frenchy and a fellow named [Hinton?] got into it over Hinton digging into the chuck box which was against Frenchy's rule as it was with and good cooky. They did not want the waddies messing up the chuck box. Hinton seemed to get a kick out of seeing Frenchy get [riled?] and would mess around the [chuck?] box. Frenchy never refused to give anyone a handout but Hinton insisted upon helping himself.

"The [evening?] that the fight took place [Hinton walked?] past Frenchy and dove into the chuck box. Frenchy went after Hinton with a carving knife and Hinton drew his gun. The cooky kept going into Hinton slashing with his knife and Hinton kept backing away shooting all the while, trying to get away from the knife but Frenchy never hesitated and had Hinton running backwards. Frenchy was hit several times and Hinton was cut in a number of places. Both men were bleeding like stuck hogs but stayed on [their?] feet. That 22 cooky kept diving in close and slashing, finally he drove the knife into Hinton's breast and they both went to the ground, and died a few minutes later. There were a dozen bullets in Frenchy's body and Hinton was cut all over the upper part of his body.

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"I met the best rider on the N-N ranch in [Montana?]. The fellow was called [Bad-wagon?] Charley. Texas Smith and I took a job to wrangle hosses at the N-N for \$40. monthly and \$2.50 extra for each hoss busted. The hosses were [Oregon?] bred and a little larger than the average Texas hose. Those critters would pitch again as fast as the Texas cowhoss and most of the animals were pigeon wing cutters.

"Smith and I each snubbed a hoss and got our hosses ready to [?] at about the some time. [?] hoss showed me some new tricks that I didn't have in my book. I [grabbed?] [leather?] but still couldn't stay with that critter and went into a spill. I got up saying, "Hell boys here is one waddy from Texas that aint a hoss buster.' About that time I heard Texas Smith saying, 'Hell here is another [darn?] fool from Texas who has found out he cant ride.'

"[Bad-wagon?] Charley was standing by and said 'Boys I was raised with those [kind?] of critters, let me [show?] you how to bust the animals.' Charley [mounted?] the one that busted me and rode it like a rocking chair. [He?] was a wrangler [but age?] forced him to go driving the bed-wagon. Charley [put?] us wise to tricks in meeting the style of those Oregon critters an [in?] a [couple?] of days we were staying with the saddle but had to grab leather and at that had a tussle. [Mighty fewwaddies could [?] the [oregon?] pigeon wing cutter without grabbing leather.

"When it come to reckoning about good shots it is hard to decide. There were lots that [couldn't?]miss. I guess the cowhands spent more money for amunition than any other item. They were always practicing shooting while riding. A running rabbit was always a target or any other small 23 animals. However I'll have to say that Old Boon with the buffalo gun at the Johnson Co. seige did the best shooting I ever saw. At least we waddles though so.

"The best roper was Booger [Red?], that is in the show ring I don't believe there were any better, but on the range I could equal him. I returned to Texas in 1904 and worked for L C Beville's outfit located near [Clarendon?]. Booger worked there for a spell while I was

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nesting there. John Beville was the top-screw for his brother and he was a top-roper too. He, Red and I roped together and Red admitted that we could rope with him on the range. There is a lot of difference looping on the range and in the show ring. In the show pen one knows just about what is going to happen.

“I nested with the Beville outfit for two years and the had some some eye trouble which caused me to quit the range to attend to them and I never went back. I learned the carpenter business and have followed it ever since.”